But you muſt trouble him with lewd complaints,
Qu. Brother of Gloceſter, you miſtake the matter:
The King of his owne royall diſpoſition,
And not prouokt by any ſuter elſe,
Aiming belike at your interiour hatred,
Which in your outward actions ſhewes it ſelfe,
Againſt my kinred, brother, and my ſelfe:
Makes him to ſend, that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill will, and to remoue it.
Glo. I cannot tell, the world is growne ſo bad.
That Wrens make prey where Eagles dare not pearch;
Since euerie Iacke became a Gentleman;
There's many a gentle perſon made a Iacke.
Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Glo.
You enuie mine aduancement and my friends,
God graunt we neuer may haue needs of you.
Glo. Meane time, God grants that we haue needs of you,
Our brother is impriſoned by your meanes,
My ſelfe diſgrac'd, and the Nobilitie
Held in contempt, whilſt many faire promotions,
Are daily giuen to enoble thoſe,
That ſcarce ſome two daies ſince were worth a noble.
Qu. By him that raiſde me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enioyd,
I neuer did incenſe his Maieſtie,
Againſt the Duke of Clarence: but haue beene,
An earneſt aduocate to pleade for him.
My Lord, you do me ſhamefull iniurie,
Falſly to draw me in theſe vile ſuſpects.
Glo. You may denie that you were not the cauſe,
Of my Lord Haſtings late impriſonment.
Riu. She may my Lord.
Glo. She may, Lo. Riuers, why who knowes not ſo?
She may do more ſir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many faire preferments,
And then denie her ayding hand therein,
And lay thoſe honours on your high deſerts,
What may ſhe not, ſhe may, yea marrie may ſhe.

Riu.

Riu. What marrie may ſhe?
Glo. What marrie may ſhe? m
batcheler, a handſome ſtripli
wis your Grandam had a worſ
Qu. My Lo. of Gloceſter, I
Your blunt vpbraidings, and yo
By heauen I will acquaint his M
With thoſe groſſe taunts I often
I had rather be a countrey ſerua
Then a great Queene with this
To be thus taunted, ſcorned, a
Small ioy haue I in being Engla
Qu. Mar. And leſned be tha
Thy honour, ſtate, and ſeate is o
Glo. What? threat you me w
Tell him and ſpare not, looke w
I will auouch in preſence of the
Tis time to ſpeake, my paines a
Qu. Mar. Out diuell, I remer
Thou ſleweſt my husband He
And Edward my poore ſonne
Glo. Ere you were Queene,
I was a packehorſe in his great
A weeder out of his proud ad
A liberall rewarder of his frien
To royalize his bloud I ſpilt m
Qu. Mar. Yea, and much be
Glo. In all which time, you a
Were factious for the houſe o
And Riuers, ſo were you. W's
In Margarets battaile at Saint
Let me put in your minds, if y
What you haue beene ere now
Withall, what I haue beene, an
Qu. Ma. A murtherous uill
Glo. Poore Clarence did fo
Yea and forſwore himſelfe (wh
Qu. Mar. Which God re